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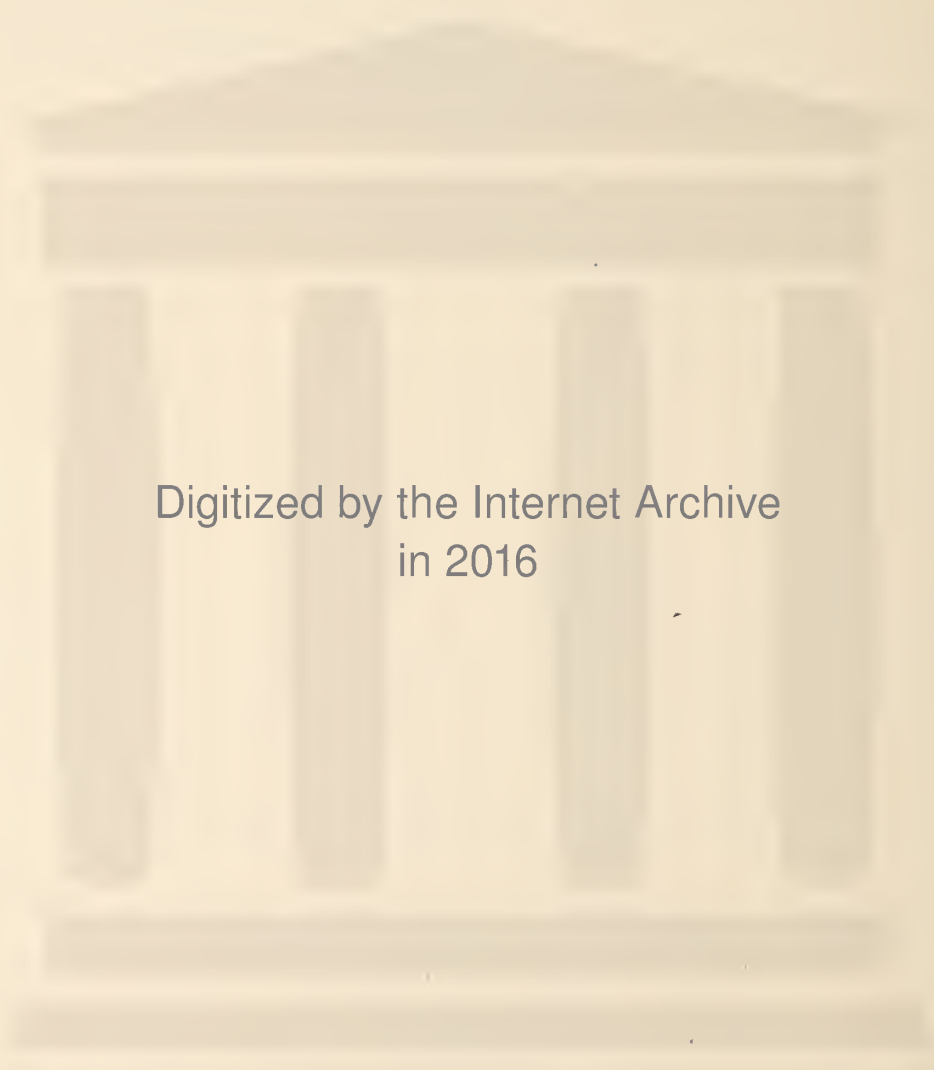
VOLUME 11-12



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THE LEHIGH BURR.

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EDITORS.

SCHUYLER BRUSH KNOX, '93, *Editor-in-Chief*.

CHARLES HAZARD DUFFEE, '93, *Business Manager*.

HIRAM DRYER McCASKEY, '93.

GEORGE HARWOOD FROST, '93.

CHARLES WILLIAM PARKHURST, '93.

THOMAS JOSEPH BRAY, JR., '94.

AUBREY WEYMOUTH, '94.

FRANKLIN BAKER, JR., '95.

JOHN JAMESON GIBSON, '95.

Address, Editor-in-Chief, 158 Market Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

Business Manager, 442 Seneca Street, South Bethlehem, Pa.

Terms, \$2.25 per year; if paid before February 1st, \$1.75.

EDITORIAL.

WE hope in our next issue to announce the result of the election to the editorial staff of THE BURR. Competition has up to this time, not been marked by any great amount of enthusiasm, and the matter subjected to the board has not been either of the quantity or quality that was desired and expected.

THE State Oratorical League has finally assumed definite proportions and promises at least to be given a trial. We are a trifle apprehensive as to the success of the scheme, inasmuch as outside of those directly interested, these events do not prove especially attractive to the public, and we hardly dare trust the patriotism of the various colleges engaged to supply audiences and funds sufficient to maintain the league. Perhaps some way of rendering an attractive program may suggest itself, and THE BURR would be glad to see the association prosper. The Agora will take charge of Lehigh's interest at present and will represent the college at the conventions incidental to the permanent establishment of the League.

COMPLAINT has been made of late about the poor water supply of the Gymnasium. For many days no water could be obtained, much to the discomfort of those who desired to use it. There is probably some ex-

cuse just now owing to the severe strain to which plumbing apparatus is subjected, but the frequency of this occurrence in the Gymnasium has caused us to mention the fact. None of the other University buildings are affected to a similar extent, and whenever a case occurs it is immediately repaired. While we are speaking of the Gymnasium, we would call attention to the fact that hot water is a luxury that is rare in the baths, especially during the season of greatest need, in the winter; and the sanitary fixing and workings are in a miserable state. Above all things, a gymnasium should be clean, and we are afraid that ours would not bear an anywise careful inspection.

AT last the study of political economy will find a place in our curriculum, being assigned to the roster for the second term of the Junior year.

It is a study perhaps more important than it may seem. We do not doubt that there are many men who have graduated to whom the most potent fallacies in the world's affairs seem, as to the ignorant, exceedingly sensible. Nowadays a man is fitted at college for the work he is to do in the world, but he is taught nothing of that world in which he is to earn his bread, and what suffices his own small experience gained in the short years of youth. The inexperience of young men misinterprets

practical lessons and needs the experience of the worldly-wise to teach their true import. To most young men, free trade, protection, single tax, reciprocity, and all the important questions of the day which concern each and every one of us, are mere words which, like hurrah's and cheers, are nothing more than campaign noise.

The progress of the world has seemed fast, but considering the immense resources of the earth on which we live, it has been slow indeed. There has been as yet no need of economy or great care, and it is high time that we learn that the bounteous goodness of God is not entirely unlimited. In some countries which are overpopulated the realization of this has now come. Society will continue to be the same unequal combination it now is, and there will be the same strife between the House of Have and the House of Want until the discussion of the great question of life is on the lips of all. And when that time does come, we shall go forward with mighty strides—we had almost said to the millenium.

THE popularity of indoor and track athletics seems to be on the wane. A few years ago these events held an important place in college affairs; of late, however, there has been a marked falling off in this matter and all the athletic fervor has been concentrated in the work of the teams. Perhaps in the judgment of many, this may be a better way of devoting athletic energy, and we have no doubt that as far as the reputation of the college is concerned it is an advantage. In team play individuality disappears, the team becomes the unit. On the track all depends upon the man. Still we can not but help expressing regret that what are generally termed athletic games, seem

to be in danger of ever increasing neglect, and that there is a manifest lack of interest in them. Track athletics form a distinct branch of their own, and not long ago we took no little pride in our various achievements. Now, however, this is changed. We are perfectly satisfied to neglect the State Games in the Spring and allow others who are in no better way fitted than ourselves to be our acknowledged superiors in these matters. We are content to say that this or that college make these things a specialty, and also we frequently hear that, "Well, we have no one to train up for these events." Taking this for granted, we regard it as the inevitable and do nothing which might tend to change this aspect of affairs. The date of the Winter Sports has already been announced, and it is hoped that they will be attended with success. Suggestions have been made as to how this may be accomplished. Class rivalry has been tried as a means with the expectation that spirited competition would result. Experience teaches that it would be a failure. There is no class spirit here. The mere offering of prizes is likewise unproductive of the desired end, and there seem no other plausible schemes for creating an interest.

There is no reasonable excuse to offer for this neglect. With the exception of a few comforts, the gymnasium affords every opportunity for practice and training, hence all the blame rests with those who are able, but unwilling, to make the attempt. It would be better to go without these things rather than for a few to waste time and money in endeavoring to maintain what the college will not support. Though, as was said at first, we would seriously regret did such a course become a necessity.

—A. A. Highlands, ex-P. E. A. '91, brother of Jack Highlands, Harvard's famous pitcher, is expected to develop into as good a pitcher as his brother. He has not so much speed, but his curves are said to be more puzzling.

—The University of Chicago intends to reserve a space at the World's Fair which it will occupy as a general reception room for all students, professors, and graduates, thus performing the duties of host at the Fair.

SCIOTA CITY'S MYSTERY.

NEVER, since the day that Henry Downs swore of drinking, had Sciota City been so excited. Even the burlesque troupe, booked for Saturday night, which boasted of seven Parisian beauties, and had posters which the city councils did not know whether to condemn or tolerate, was put in the background to allow a fuller discussion of the new and unheralded comedy—tragedy—farce? That is what everybody wanted to know, and what everybody did not know, and, it seemed, had no prospects of knowing. Even the good old days previous to the mighty battle at the polls which changed plain and unpretending “Alkali” to dignified and exalted “Sciota City”—even those days blinked helplessly in the brilliancy of the present sensation. Sciota City’s biggest day—the day that Henry Downs, on the biggest “tear” that the city had ever known, was made to swear off by a plain, pretty little woman that nobody had ever seen before—even that day was threatened with dethronement. That was Sciota City’s biggest day, because its events were the origin of a mystery, and Sciota City, in its straightforward, western way, detested mysteries—especially those it could not solve, and this one it could not.

It was a nice summer day, and the city was out basking in the sunshine when the stranger came. The manner of his attire attracted the City’s attention, and it concluded that the flashy showiness of the burlesque’s advance agent was tame compared to the quiet elegance of the stranger. And the stranger was handsomer than the advance agent, too. His iron gray whiskers, straight nose, brown eyes, and broad forehead, made a composition more refined than the curled mustache, hooked nose, black eyes, and receding forehead of the advance agent.

But the stranger, entirely unconscious of the impression he made, went to the hotel and ate his dinner in a matter-of-fact way, and

smoked his cigar—the aroma of which surprised the city—in a matter-of-fact way, and did not announce the object of his visit as the advance agent had done; instead he paced the piazza of the hotel awhile, and then, approaching a group of citizens, who were discussing him, said:

“Will any of you gentlemen be kind enough to tell me the way to Henry Downs?”

The gentlemen gazed at each other and at the stranger in silent wonder, but they all had one thought—here was the man to solve the mystery. Finally one of them said:

“Why, certainly!” and then, quickly, “A friend of your’s, sir?”

“Oh, that doesn’t matter,” said the stranger, “only tell me how to get there, please.”

“All right. See that trail goin’ up the mountain? Well, follow that ’till you come to two forks; take the one to the *right*, mind that, the *right*. Don’t take the left one; that leads to Thievin’ Rillers’ moonshine place, and he’ll plug you full of lead for a U. S. Deputy if he sees you. Shy clear of him. He’s a little man, one lèg shorter’n the other, with a funny limp and a bad eye. Remember, take the *right* fork. Mebbe I’d better go along?”

“No, thanks; I’ll get there all right,” said the stranger.

“Comin’ back soon?” asked his informer.

“Don’t be so inquisitive; ’taint proper,” said Sciota City’s Chesterfield, who boasted of having been at three swell dances in New York.

Thus rebuked the informer desisted, and the stranger passed on up towards the trail. He walked rather fast with his head down, and his face had a peculiar, determined expression, which seemed to show that he was thinking hard. He soon came to the forks, and, looking down the left a minute or two, he turned and walked rapidly down the right. This led him to a little hill that he climbed slowly and on the top of which he stopped. Before him

was a picture he never forgot. About thirty yards off, with his elbow resting on a roughly hewn tombstone, stood big, six-foot Henry Downs, gazing down thoughtfully at a well-kept and smoothly rounded grave. Not far beyond was a one-story house; from the grave to the house was a well-trodden path. All about was very well cultivated farm land.

The stranger seemed undetermined as to a course of procedure, but after a little deliberation he walked towards the six-footer, and said :

"Pardon me, but are you Henry Downs?"

"Yes," said Downs, starting.

"Well, I'm out here buying land. I'm from the East—"

"What part?" asked Downs, interrupting.

"Boston, Massachusetts."

"I used to live there once—I mean in Massachusetts, the western part," said Downs, and then he added, softly, pointing to the grave, "She came from there too."

"Your wife?" asked the stranger.

"Yes; didn't they tell you about it down below?" pointing towards the city.

"About what?"

"About—about us," nodding towards the grave.

The stranger shook his head negatively.

"They don't know it all," said Downs; "I've never told them, because they wouldn't understand; they're good fellows, but they have peculiar ideas about things. Anyhow, it ain't much of a story to hear, but it's a lot to go through." And the prematurely gray mustache and hair, and the knotted forehead were silent but very persuasive corroborators to the last statement.

"I don't mind tellin' you, providin' you care to hear it, and won't tell it down below," said Downs.

The stranger reassured him and he continued: "You see, when a fellow is here day after day with no company but our little girl and her" pointing toward the mound, "he gets feelin' blue sometimes, and feels easier for

having' told about it. Besides, you look some like *her* father, and that's why I'll tell you what nobody else hereabouts knows."

"We were born and raised in the same town and were always playmates. Our parents were well fixed, and when we were old enough she went to boardin' school and I went to college. I can talk much better English than I do, and I'll do it if you wish, but I can say what I want to say better in the vernacular."

"We didn't see much of each other except durin' vacations, and the little I saw of her and the great deal I didn't, made me fall in love with her. She told me afterwards that the same happened to her in regard to me.

She came back from boardin' school after three years, and she was considered the prettiest and nicest girl all 'round in that neighborhood. Every young fellow thereabouts wanted her and wanted her bad, but of all only two seemed to have any show—a young fellow named Simmons, and myself. Simmons was a nice fellow in his way, but when it came to the point I was the lucky one, and soon Alice and I were engaged. Of course I was happy; that goes without sayin'; but life in that old-fashioned town made me tired, and one day I made up my mind to go West. Now, I don't want you to think I didn't like her much because I wanted to come out here; no, sir; when the time came it was pretty hard to get away. But you see, most of the people that were raised there, lived there, worked there, and died there, and that was all there was about it. I didn't like that for a future, and that's why I left."

"Well, I came West and landed down below. The city was a boom town in those days, and a man that don't drink in a boom town is like a fish out of water, and as I wanted to be in the swim, as you Eastern people say, I started too. Well sir, I kept it up with compound interest and in less than a year there wasn't a man this side of the Mississippi could go on a tear like I could. I could drink more liquor

and do more damage and make things livelier on a single bust than any other man could on ten. I had a system about it too; I would start on Monday morning and drink all day Monday, all Monday night, all day Tuesday, all Tuesday night and all Wednesday till evenin'. Then I would get sober on Thursday and Friday, be good Saturday and Sunday, and start out Monday morning again. One Monday morning I started out on double doses and kept it up all day. By evenin' I was crazy full, but I kept it up all night and all Tuesday morning. I tell y', Rome was howlin'. I've often wondered since where I stowed it all, and if I could have kept it up on scheduled time, and what it would have been like. The west-bound express was due at 12.10, and about noon I started over to have some fun with it. The city followed me to see the sport at a respectful distance. The train got to the depot before I did, and the passengers started to walk to town when—Good Heavens!—I must be goin' crazy! The liquor was assertin' itself at last! But no, there they were, her and Simmons, as sure as life, walkin' straight for me. I was so knocked, I leaned against a tree, and they came up to me. Then Simmons turned to her and said: 'Exactly as I told you; maybe you'll believe me now.'

"I never said a word—I couldn't. I just looked. Then she spoke up and said:

" 'Henry, take me to the Hotel.' "

"*Me take her!* Why, sin, she could have led me over a precipice, and I wouldn't have objected. But she took my arm and we went to the hotel, Simmons followin', and the people openin' up for us to pass through. It was mighty solemn. Nobody said a word, but I was sober from that minute. When we got to the hotel, we went in the parlor and locked the door. When we were inside, she looked me square in the eye, and said:

" 'Henry, kiss me.' I did."

"Then somebody pounded on the door and cried, 'Let me in.' "

" 'Who's there?' says I, speakin' for the first time."

" 'Simmons.' "

" 'Stay there,' say I, 'He did.' "

"Then she looked me in the eye again, and said: 'Henry, is there a clergyman in town?'"

" 'Not one within three hundred miles,' said I."

"She looked disappointed, but I caught her meaning, and said: 'But there's a J. P.' "

" 'A what?'"

"A J. P.—justice of the peace; will that do?'"

" 'Yes,' she said, smilin' at me."

" 'Right away?' I asked."

" 'No, I want to talk to you first,' and she made me swear off, and told me her plans, how we were to live on a ranch away from people, and be happy, and all that. Well, to make a long story short, we got married, Simmons went East disgusted, I reckon, and we came here to live, and I haven't touched a drop from that day. We were happy here, more'n you can think, especially after our little girl was born; she's fourteen now. And then, one day, Alice died—but I don't like to talk about that."

"That's about all there is to it; but I'll say in justice to myself, that outside of drinkin' and swearin' I wasn't bad; they were the ruin of me as much as I was ruined, and nothin' else. I've picked up considerable, though, ain't I?" and he drew himself up to his full height.

The stranger didn't seem to hear him, but asked abruptly: "Are you sure she was happy?"

"Happy? Well, I should say she was. Why she used to come out at dinner and supper time to meet me, and put her arm through mine, and take a good, full breath of air—this is good air, now ain't it?" asked Downs; he had been a boomer.

"Yes, go on," said the stranger impatiently.

"And she would say, 'Henry, I don't think I'd care to have this otherwise; I'm so happy

now,' and such things as that. But what made you ask?"

"I am her brother," said the stranger, quietly.

Downs reeled against the tombstone, gazing at the stranger, and exclaiming, "What! You Jim Howard!"

"Yes, I'm Jim Howard." was the quiet rejoinder.

Downs looked dumbly at his brother-in-law a few moments, and then stammered: "I don't know what to say."

They both remained silent a little while, each busy with his own thoughts, and then the stranger said, "Come, I want to see your daughter."

Downs stared as though touched by a hot iron and said, speaking quickly, "Yes, I want to ask you about her; it's been troublin' me a lot. She's a bright girl and ought to be educated, but I can't bear to have her leave me. It would almost kill me—she's all I've got now. And I can't go with her because I can't leave *her*," nodding towards the grave. "It's as bad one way as another. I don't know what to do."

"I didn't come out here to advise you," said the stranger, quietly.

"No?"

"No, I came to shoot you."

Henry Downs' western nerve returned to him instantly, and he answered, coolly:

"Two generally play at that game, and I'm considered pretty good at it."

"I won't shoot you—" began the stranger.

"No, I reckon you won't," interrupted Downs.

"I won't shoot you," continued the stranger, "because you have a daughter; I didn't know that—he didn't tell me."

"Who didn't tell you?"

"Simmons, and I suppose from what you've said that most of what he *did* tell me wasn't true."

"I'd like to meet Simmons," was Downs' simple wish.

They were nearing the house, and were talking quietly, when they were startled by cries of "Papa! papa! quick, papa!"

Downs started on a run. When he was about twenty yards from the house, a little man with a bad eye, came hopping out, carrying a leather money-sack and some legal papers.

"Thievin' Riller!" exclaimed Downs.

Two simultaneous movements, two clicks as one, two sharp reports, and Henry Downs passed to his eternal home and Thievin' Riller to his.

* * *

One week later, on the rear seat of a passenger coach of the East-bound express sat a well-dressed man, with iron-gray whiskers and hair. By his side, asleep, sat a pretty young girl, whose red eyes and damp handkerchief foretold a sad awakening. Miles behind, with the distance fast increasing, was Sciota City with its mystery still unsolved—to them.

MILLER DOLLARS.

TO MY LOVE.

AS some clear pool whose waters lap
A cavern's arching walls,
Seems black with lifelessness until
A straying sunbeam falls
Across the water's idle calm,
When limpid depths revealed
Show forms of life and beauty—so
Thy eyes hold much concealed.

In loving glance—their depths unveiled,
A living gem each seems,
Where bright and opalescent fire
In lustrous radiance gleams.
An angel world is glimpsed afar,
When joy-moved they dilate.
There dwells the power that sways the world,
'Tis there I see my fate.

GENERAL NEWS.

DINNER OF THE NEW YORK CLUB.

THE third annual dinner of the Lehigh Club of the City of New York was held at the Arena, on West 31st Street, on the evening of Thursday, February 9, the twenty-seventh anniversary of the incorporation of the University. About thirty-five, all told, were present, and it was by far the most successful gathering the club has yet held. The guests of honor were John Fritz, one of the trustees of the University, who has recently retired from the active management of the Bethlehem Iron Works, and Professor Mansfield Merriman of the Department of Civil Engineering.

There were a number of guests present from New Jersey, and from Philadelphia and other places in Pennsylvania. After the business of the annual meeting had been disposed of, the dinner began, President Ronaldson having on his right Professor Merriman and Dr. Baker, president of the Alumni Association, and on his left Mr. Fritz and Henry S. Drinker. The toastmaster was William D. Farwell. Dr. Baker spoke for "The University," and Professor Merriman, in responding for "The Faculty," told of his visit to Chicago, and the efforts toward a Lehigh exhibit at the World's Fair, suggesting the scheme of having a Lehigh Day for a reunion of University men attending the exhibition. The health of Mr. Fritz was heartily drank, and "The Engineering Profession" was taken care of by Mr. Wells. The other toasts were: "Athletics," Dr. Frauenthal; "The Alumni Association," Mr. Bull; "The Philadelphia Club: The Quaker City Falls in Line at Last," Mr. Hartshorne, and "College Days," Mr. Butler. All the speeches, though impromptu, were extremely good and heartily enjoyed.

The list of those present was as follows: John Fritz, Professor Mansfield Merriman, Charles E. Ronaldson, '69; Dr. H. R. Price, Dr. Henry B. Reed, William R. Butler, '70;

Henry S. Drinker, '71; Dr. Washington H. Baker, '73; Casper Wistar Haines, William D. Hartshorne, '74; Charles Bull, '78; L. B. Treharne, '80; John Ruddle, A. E. Forstall, '83; Robert P. Linderman, Robert G. Cooke, J. W. Kellogg, '84; Rollin H. Wilbur, E. M. McIlvain, J. Hollis Wells, '85; Dr. John A. Schmidt, '86; Daniel L. Moit, Dr. H. W. Frauenthal, Dr. C. Lincoln Banks, '88; Charles Hebert Deans, Arthur M. Smyth, A. Lincoln Rogers, James Stewart, John J. Martin, William D. Farwell, '89; Joseph S. Lockwood, Henry S. McKee, '91; J. Elmer Jones, Benjamin W. Homans, '92; Langton Byllesby, '94.

THE JUNIOR CLASS BANQUET.

THAT staid old Allentown burgher who was abroad on good St. Valentine's Eve was startled by the quick, sharp cheers of fifty jolly Lehigh Juniors en route to the Hotel Allen to enjoy their third annual banquet.

At ten o'clock Mine Host Harris, with a knowing smile on his face and his rotund sides shaking with good nature, ushered his college guests into the banquet hall. The menu was probably the prettiest '94 has ever had. The banqueters gave themselves over to the greatest good humor. Every man came in for a full share of "roasting" from his jolly brethren. Hallock had to respond to numerous calls and entertained the crowd with his *pop-gun-in-the-mouth* music as Hallock only can. The reminiscent address of President Anderson was followed by John Frank's toast, "The Survival of the Fittest." This was replete with local hits and was greeted with vociferous applause. Elmore waxed eloquent over "The Weed," and Tommy Wilson found "The Powers Behind the Throne," a happy theme. "Orations" was responded to by the inimitable Hallock and then Pete Petriken was given the opportunity, for which he has been waiting three years, to tell all he knows about "Our Divinity." Empie, in a chaste little speech,

responded to "Snaps" and Vic. Johnson spoke warningly of "Cribs." When the merry company reached the station, the seductive strains of a Strauss waltz tempted them upstairs into the masquerade and they played the proverbial Junior role until the special left for Bethlehem.

THE GLEE CLUB TRIP.

AT noon, on Friday, the 17th of this month, the Glee and Banjo Clubs left in a special car on the Reading Railroad for a short trip. A concert was given in Harrisburg that night and was listened to by a crowded house, in spite of the stormy weather that prevailed. The Clubs made an impression in Harrisburg that the University can be proud of. It was everybody's private opinion publicly expressed that they gave a better performance than either of the two clubs which have been there lately, Yale and Pennsylvania, whose reputations are so much out of proportion with the quality of their concerts. The program rendered was the same as that given in Easton, and every member on it was encored, and some of them more than once.

The next night found the organizations in

KERNELS.

—Dr. Lamberton is enjoying a three weeks' trip among the West Indies.

—E. Soleliac, '93, left for Europe last week on account of illness of an uncle in Paris.

—The annual banquet of the class of '95 was held at the Hotel Allen, Allentown, Tuesday evening, February 21.

—H. R. Stratford, '94, has been elected manager of next year's foot-ball team, E. H. Olds, assistant manager, and G. Ordway, captain, vice McClung resigned.

—An attempt was made lately to form a prohibition club in the College, and have some prominent prohibitionist come here to address the students, but on account of the lack of enthusiasm at the first meeting, the subject has been dropped.

Chambersburg, Pa., where they played and sang to a large audience, of which a large part were Wilson College girls, whose dainty though substantial applause, showed how much they enjoyed the entertainment. A reception and dance was given to the clubs by the Chambersburg people, and, sad to say, the cruelty of the president of Wilson College prevented any of the girls from appearing. The dance, however, was a very charming affair, and the hospitality of the Chambersburg people made almost as great an impression on the fellows as the beauty of their many pretty girls. The program of the concert was the same as that at Harrisburg, and the whole affair was presided over by the following patronesses: Mrs. J. F. Boyd, Mrs. Chauncey Ives, Mrs. Johnston McLanahan, Mrs. D. O. Gehr, Mrs. C. W. Cremer, Mrs. P. B. Montgomery, Mrs. Rose Senseny, Mrs. Alcesta Gilmore, Mrs. T. M. Nelson, Mrs. W. Heyser, Mrs. Theodore M. Wood.

The special car carried the clubs home Sunday night, and as they reached Bethlehem, all that consoled them to a return to duty was the anticipation of the trips to come.



Friday, March 3.—Choir practice at the Chapel at 7 P.M.

Sunday, March 5.—Bible Class meets in the Gymnasium at 3.30 P.M. Y. M. C. A. meets in the Gymnasium at 6.30 P.M.

Monday, March 6.—Banjo Club meets at the Psi U House at 6.30 P.M.

Wednesday, March 8.—Glee Club meets at Mr. Wolle's at 7 P.M.

Friday, March 10.—Choir practice at the Chapel at 7 P.M.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A SECTION of the college paper which is always read with interest by the student is that corner in which are found the college notes. The average college man is always eager to know what is going on at the other institutions of learning around him, and these little paragraphs furnish him just this information in a condensed form. But how old some of these notes are! If their histories could be told what interesting romances they would make! We remember a venerable one that has grown gray in the service of the knights of the shears and paste pot. It is that ancient paragraph which states: that one third of the students of European colleges commit suicide, another third die from excesses and the other third govern Europe. We first read this note in THE BURR away back in our Freshman year, yet even now we feel certain whenever the mail brings a fresh lot of exchanges to the Table, that some of them contain this old friend. Proteus like changing its form, and sometimes contained of its original fair proportions the college note seems to live forever.

Where do these little scraps of information originate? It is usually impossible to even guess at the answer to this question, but when we do know it, it is interesting to watch the process of evolution by which a college note is developed. For example: some time ago *The Lafayette*, in an editorial suggested that Lafayette, Lehigh, Stevens and Rutgers, form a foot-ball league. Soon the paragrapher began to get in his work. First we read in the *Pennsylvanian*: "Lafayette, Lehigh, Stevens and Rutgers are *talking* of forming a league." The note went the round of the college papers in that form for a time and then it developed into the following: "Lafayette, Lehigh, Rutgers and Stevens are *going* to form a foot-ball league." The Table thought that this was the end of it and that we would see it no more. False hope! for here it is again. This time it is in a western contemporary and this is what

we read with astonishment: "Lafayette, Lehigh, Stevens and Rutgers *have* formed a foot-ball league."

There is another paragraph which has been seen in most of our exchanges that has puzzled the Table very much. It reads, "At Princeton no student will be allowed to take a watch into examinations." How many ounces of gray matter did we consume trying to think of a reason that would cause a college faculty to pass such a rule! Was it because they feared the use of the watch case to hide a crib? No, this could not be, for at Princeton the honor system of conducting examinations prevails. The riddle was "given up," but perhaps the true answer is that the rule existed only as a figment of the imagination of the paragrapher.

But enough of the college note, let us take a look at the exchanges.

The Table welcomes a new visitor. The first number of the *Columbia Literary Monthly* has just arrived. For a "first number" the matter is remarkably good. Of the prose articles, perhaps the sketch—His Right-Hand Neighbor: An Examination Idyl will appeal most strongly to college men. As an example of the verse we clip the following:

A WOMAN'S HEART.

"A placid pool, hid from intruding eyes,

About whose marge caressing rushes cling,

Where birds throughout the livelong hours sing,

Whose depths reflect the beauty of the skies,

Whence through the years sweet summer never flies,

Perchance one day its Owner's hand may fling

A stone into this pure and holy thing —

It may be that its unknown depths he tries,

Then startled ripples hurry to the shore,

And on its face vague bits of earth and sky

Show for a moment, then again are flown,

Leaving the pool more peaceful than before;

And there upon it, nevermore to die,

The mirrored face of Him that cast the stone."

The annual flood of Valentin verse descended upon the Table. The *Cornell Era* with commendable enterprise published no less than two pages of it.

The *Williams Weekly* comes to the Table with some witty verse from which we clip as follows:

NOT A TIMEPIECE.

"I called upon my love one night,
And my heart beat to love's own measure;
So it may seem quite passing strange,
That at the clock I gazed with pleasure;
Yes, though I own 'twas very shocking,
For oh, the clock was in her stocking!"

ANNOUNCEMENT.

TO THE ALUMNI OF LEHIGH: In view of the recent discussions on the Alumni Memorial, it is probable that the entire question will have to be reconsidered, and now is the time for each one who has any opinion on the subject to express it.

Certainly no progress can be made as long as things are in the condition that they are at present, and the success of this project depends wholly upon the hearty and unanimous support of all the Alumni.

In order to secure this support, the first thing to be done is to decide upon an acceptable subject for the memorial, for no one is going to subscribe to an indefinite project, not knowing for what his money is to be used.

At first the statue was proposed, and this being, at the time, the only alternative, many of us subscribed to this; but there was considerable dissatisfaction expressed, and the idea appeared to be general that the fund could be applied to a much more useful purpose. Later this developed into a discussion, the result of which is that the majority of the Alumni have expressed themselves as against the statue and in favor of some useful memorial which will substantially benefit the students of the University.

In order to arrive at the opinions of the Alumni on this subject, each one, who has any suggestions, should express the same so that, from the various projects submitted, one which meets the approval of the majority may be selected.

A new observatory, or an extension to the

old one, has been suggested, and while many of us have favored this in preference to the statue, yet, I think, other projects should be submitted in order to get the general opinion of the association.

Undoubtedly the most fitting memorial will be the one which will be of the most benefit to the largest number of students; in other words, "the greatest good to the greatest number," and, at the same time, one which "expresses the sentiment of the Alumni," and is within our means.

I would suggest as such a memorial a new hydraulic laboratory.

This is a building which would be used and appreciated by nearly all the students in the technical courses, which is a very large majority of all the students of the University, and it is probable that a sufficient amount could be raised to erect and equip a very substantial building.

Of course, the particulars as to its location, estimates of cost, etc., would have to be inquired into, but this is only offered as a suggestion in hope that it will meet with approval, or that something better will be submitted.

EDWARD A. WRIGHT, '89.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column. No anonymous articles published.]

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—In the last two numbers of THE BURR, editorials have appeared, setting forth in general the advantages that would be derived from the formation of a Press Club; and it now remains only to state more fully its objects before taking definite action.

In a recent letter, published in THE BURR, a graduate laments the fact that Lehigh is not properly represented in a technical journal. As regards many newspapers where other colleges have abundant space, this is even more true; for not only are we not properly represented, but in the majority of cases we are not represented at all. The first aim of the club would therefore be to obtain recognition

from as many newspapers as possible, especially from those that have a large circulation among graduates. It is probable that in time a large correspondence could be carried on in the New York, Philadelphia, and Washington papers; while representation could be obtained in Wilkes Barre, Scranton, and other graduate centers.

One of the most important functions of such a club would be the suppression of sensational news; in regard to which, as was shown in THE BURR, a determined set of men with the welfare of the University at heart could accomplish much. In fact, one of the principal objects of all such organizations is to crush out those reports that endanger the reputation of a college, as was shown by a letter from the University of Pennsylvania, published in the *New York Tribune*, of February 12. This letter stated that a Press Club was being organized at that university for the benefit of newspaper men, "and to prevent the publication, if possible, of all 'stuff' detrimental to the university's interests."

Another advantage that the club would offer, is the ease with which matters of interest could be made public. Information reported to any member would surely receive immediate attention.

The general plan of organization, as already published, will meet all present requirements. However, it is evident that, to carry on the amount of work intended, the services of several men will be needed. But with a thoroughly organized and prosperous club, it is probable that there will not be a scarcity of men willing to undertake work that is both beneficial and profitable. C.

—Twenty-five women entered the department of arts in Edinburg University last year.

—Amherst has forty men trying for places on the *Student*. At Yale seventy men are trying for the *Record* alone.

—Dr. W. L. Elkins of the Yale Observatory, has been elected a member of the Royal Astronomical Observatory in London.

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